

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

AD AVUNCULUM SAMUELEM

I thought that every free-born Yank
Profound indifference to the Prince;
But just of late, dear Uncle Sam—
I am, you know, I really am!

I thought, of course, you would evince
Profound indifference to the Prince;
But, by your many a stripe and star—
You are, you know, you really are.

Yet when you gush 'er Princess Pat,
I own you've some excuse for that.
Of all princesses ever riz,
She is, you know, she really is.

—Truth.

By the time that this appears in print, our horn
Orators, our Representative Nobility, our petty officials
armed with a little brief authority and all the other
pompous parties who have been so flustered over
their Royal Highnesses' visit, will have laid aside
their ill-fitting, Sunday-GO-to-Meeting togs, and
resumed their workaday suits and manner.

We will all breathe a little easier now that it is
over.

Dooks are very much like people who have to make
company of.

There's a heap of curiosity to see them arrive, and
a fervent "Thank Heaven" when they're gone.
I am afraid we are a Demo-Cratic crowd, we
Westerners!

We don't seem to have a decent cheering apparatus
in our throats.

We've got a good many "Grandparents" and poor
relations up in the front stalls, whom fate or politics
have placed to the fore, but who "we" think we'd
like to lose in times like this.

They're like small boys "dressed up" for a party.
They don't look comfortable.

For all that, they're vastly important, and remind
us of Archie Roosevelt's description of his ram-
bunctious "pa."

"Father is that sort of man," said he, "who if he
went to a wedding, would be the only one there
if he went to a funeral he'd want to be the corpse."

Same impression conveyed by most of the Big
Little men in town.

Very often the brides and corpses get a poor show
in our processions.

There are so many of "Our Own" who imagine
they have a right to be in the parade, that
the crowd can't get half a view of the learse or the
bridal carriage.

This we feel to be a grievance.

Our local "gold lace" we have always with us,
what we want is to see what pattern the other fel-
low affects.

Candidly speaking, I didn't think much of our
"Great White Way," so cutaneously and flatteringly
alluded to in one of the local papers.

The few evergreen looked chilly, and the display
of gaudy "Welcome" as if they had been caught by
an early frost. Seventh Street was better, indeed I
thought looked very attractive in comparison.

Was it an Anglo-Saxonness, too, that froze our
throats so that when the party who have caused so
great a commotion in our midst actually did put in
an appearance, we stood and silently gaped at them?

I don't know why or where the ways seem to fall
down on occasions like this—but we do.

Where were the Englishmen Tuesday morning?

Where were the baseball rovers?

Where was the usually noisy Small Boy?

Where those who are always screaming about
the "dear old flag"?

Someone suggested that it must be the altitude
that got our tongues and makes sheep of us all?

I don't know, I'm sure, but having company isn't
our long suit.

"And the rain it raineth every day," which doesn't
help any.

One doesn't stop up well in wet weather.

And the mud is grime, too, has been.

I noticed at the opening of the Parliament Build-
ings this afternoon the Duke trying to appear inter-
ested in the view.

Behind a thick veil of muck and fog, the lordly
Saskatchewan no doubt rolled on its usual tempestu-
ous way.

But what the Duke saw was rain and grey mist,
and yet he nodded his gracious lordly head, and
seemed carried away with the prospect.

Poor Dukes! So even they have to pretend! I
thought it was only little local politicians who had
to wear lying smiles, and hobnob when they were
bored to tears, and endeavor to look important when
they are only very funny.

His Royal Highness is a fine, unassuming, looking
gentleman, and an aristocrat to his finger tips. His
Duchess, too, was very cordial and charming, while
Princess Pat probably aroused more interest than any
of them.

"She is, you know, she really is"—but not quite so
pretty or handsome as the paper has painted her.

Being a princess is such an aid to the imagination.
Such a help as it were, to poor reporters.

Her eyes are lovely, though shaded with heavy
drooping lids. And what a nose she knows how to
use them.

If you want to, "Princess Pat," you keep them
open half-closed most of the time, and then raise them
suddenly.

The effect is electrical. Try it on someone at
home.

The platform at the Buildings was beautifully
banked with flowers, and here the Vice-Royal party
assembled, being surrounded by dignitaries and
pensionaries, and all the fuss and feathers ima-
ginable. No one heard anything. No one ever does
on occasions such as this.

They just put up a Punch and Judy performance,
which was perhaps just as well.

Out in front the patient crowd stood through a
steady downpour, their myriad umbrellas making
them appear from the windows above, like a field of
black mushrooms.

The Scouts with Archibald Gray at their head,
put up a really fine appearance, and I noticed His
Royal Highness despatch a messenger to bring the
letter to be presented, and later give orders for the
troop to file past.

Capt. Hardisty and his company of dragoons
made up a dashing escort, while the City Police
turned out in force, and added no little spectacular
effect to the occasion.

A much bigger crowd was evidently expected than
turned up, so that the officers of the law had't much
chance to exercise their authority.

After all, I am afraid that it takes a circus to
arouse our enthusiasm. I never saw the circus tent
yet, rain or shine, big enough to accommodate an
Edmonton crowd.

Some old animals every year, pretty much the
same ring stunts, and the same sort of animal
circles, the clowns the tinselled ladies, the perform-
ing dogs and monkeys, and the great white horses,
never seems to stale. I think we are just children
yet.

We work so hard that when we play we want to be
amused.

A call from Royalty is appreciated, but touches
the most of us so remotely, that we hardly know
their coming or their passing.

For all that there is a really deep significance in
this present visit of their Royal Highnesses, and de-
mocrat though I am, behind all the amusing in-
cidents connected with their stay in the Albertan
Capital, I cannot, I may say, which almost any oc-
casion like this brings about among the local—what
shall I call them?—one remembers that before us
stood the brother of our late much-loved King Ed-
ward the visible link that binds this Canada we love
to Mother England, only second in our allegiance,
and that occasions such as this do much, when all is
said and done, to promote a kinder, more human
and friendlier, feeling between this Great Mother
and her bolder, lusty, young Son.

We cordially like our Royal relatives, even if we
do feel more natural now that banquets and recep-
tions have ceased to trouble. And we hope they'll
come again, when we'll try and do even better by
them.

You who were readers of the old "Mirror" will
perhaps forgive the levity of the above remarks
when you remember that this Alice was never long
on the Duke and Duchess themselves.

It has always seemed to me that the greatest men
and women were ever the simplest. Perhaps you
have no better illustration of this than in the case of
the Duke and Duchess themselves.

To take, not to give, trouble—seemed to be their
motto.

It is one worth paying heed to.

Perhaps like the Orangemen I am going to tell
you about, I am only carried away by the mirth of
the moment into viewing so serious and far-reaching
a happening, in the frivolous manner I have refer-
red to.

Political feeling has always run high in Ireland,
and there perhaps more than in Belfast, where the
Orangemen are particularly strong.

Of late it has been much inflamed.

Now your Orangemen is a funny character.

He is an out-and-out big game and holidays his feel-
ings carry him away with himself.

Once back in the field, the workshop and the dock-
yard, his orange sash off and his work apron on, the
list of blood dues in him, and he becomes a normal
creature. He may even calmly consider the watch-
word: "To Hell with the Pope!" with which he
marched to battle yesterday, and the gilt may be off
the gingerbread.

It is related that a man, sitting in a Belfast eating
house recently overheard this conversation between
two Orangemen.

"Of course, Samuel, I go out and walk with the
procession on the Twelfth."

"My father and my grandfather were Orangemen
before me, Samuel, and I'm an Orangeman. I walk
in the procession and I shout, 'To Hell with the
Pope!' because I'm an Orangeman. I don't mean
it, Samuel. I don't want any man to go to Hell."

"The same here, Robert."

"Forgive the Pope, a very decent old gentleman,
I'm told, very good in his own way. I don't want
the old gentleman to go to Hell, but I'm an Orange
man and so I shout it."

"Of course, Robert, of course. I'm just the same
myself."

The fun and excitement over, I can say with the
best.

"Dear Duke, and Duchess and Princess Pat.
Sorry you hadn't time to stay,
but mighty glad you came our way."

See just been shouting with the crowd.

Mary and Bill have made a week of it. Though
they haven't had a look-in at any of the functions,
fearing a glimpse of the Royal party down at the
Parliament Buildings, and a peep over the Premier's
bench at the "Garrykennagh" reception, they've had
as much fun out of it—probably more—than some
who carried tickets of admission to each and every
of the doings.

I think probably that half of what they confided
is gossip pure and simple, but I am no sieve to win-
now the chaff from the other half.

"That just describes it," Mary says, the "chaff"

part of it. Everybody's been smiling out about all
week.

"No wonder," said Bill.
"Who's not running things?"
Mystery the 1st. No One Knows.

Everybody has apparently been doing it.
I mean the inviting to platforms and banquets and
arranging who would sit at what, the order of pre-
cedence, and the "whether we should or we
shouldn't," with the grand result of such a grand lot
of mix-ups and misfits, as could hardly have been
improved upon.

If a Colonel was wanted, a Bishop hopped out of
place.

The Church and State got hopelessly tangled up.
In the published list of guests present at the ban-
quet were the names of some who were either hol-
idaying abroad, or had departed this fine moon
since. They seem to have thought out, too, the
weirdest combinations of partners they could pos-
sibly have hit upon. A regular Mad Hatters' party.

If you talked with they gave you a deal and dumb
partner to whom to address your witticisms. From
actual overheard conversations Mary says that
James told her it ran something like this:

"Do you know who arranged that we should come
in, as we did."

Gentleman with a far-off stare—"No, thank you, I
remember nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"Madam, pray tell me—the was a churchman?"
"Is that, indeed, the very reverend Bishop—? I have
heard so much, and so very highly, spoken of."

Lady, with a twinkle in her eye—"I believe I have
heard one rather good yarn about him."

Utter silence. Utter—not a pin's fall.
Cheerful Colonel—"I believe I have heard no—these
medals are, ah—ah—yes, yes, quite. Active ser-
vice. No scars. Dragoons, madam—not in fan-
tasy. Mounted, you know."

Absent-Minded Aides—"Oh, I beg your
pardon, madam—another place."

"I think, from a glibly young thing, these Parli-
ament Buildings are grand—simply grand, don't you?"

"Him—? What I particularly admire is the shower-
bath arrangement in the rotunda."

"Do you care for society, I mean really?"
"No."

"Do you find of reading?"
"No."

"Ah—ah, I wonder if it's nearly over?"
"I don't know."

He turned, and said—"I'm all in, I'll try some of
the best."

I could write on indefinitely of opinions expressed
on the street as to how we had done or not done
things. Some seem satisfied, while others are loud
in their criticisms.

So long as his last, and human nature is human
nature, I suppose will continue to criticize and be
criticized. Politics makes strange bed-fellows, and
official affairs have ever had the happy knack of al-
tering past amusement, the too-too-critical
public.

What a Duke he is, though!
How quick to notice a stray Egyptian war medal!
How kindly, how considerate!

A little lad here, an old lady there, some war vet-
eran, whom his smile will light up, the twilight
years of his life—"The time the Duke spoke to him."

—you know how vividly a human touch, a kindly
word, a smile, a blessing comes home after the man
and woman who gave them are perhaps laid away
for their last long rest. So we are remembered!

Not by the boards we sat on, not by the money
we held, not by our big houses, or our brief no-
toricity. These things pass away.

But the day we passed to lend a fellow wayfarer
a hand, the day we said a tear in sympathy, the
time we simply smiled a smile at good fellow.

These be the worth-while things. In them we
write our own epitaphs.

So we live in the hearts we leave behind, and thus
remain immortal.

Because he is a prince of men, I take off my bonnet
to His Royal Highness, and if his visit has done
nothing else, it has shown us how kindly a man may
be whether he sits on the seats of the mighty, or oc-
cupies the humblest position in life.

The Duke of Connaught needs no gold lace,
no medals, or waving plumes to proclaim him of royal
birth.

As the son of his mother we would reverence him.
As the brother of the late King he would have en-
trance ticket to our hearts. As himself one of
Britain's finest gentlemen, he can step in and take
possession of our hearts.

Long life to him!
He has captured the Capital City of this Province.

Being a soldier boy isn't all made up of wearing
brass buttons, and parading the streets of Sunday
or holiday. It means strict discipline as well, un-
comfortable hours, jolly hard work, and—putting
your hand down on your own pocket for aspiring to
be a Defender of your King and country. Do you
know, and I have it on Colonel Carstairs' own au-
thority, that the lady who formed the Duke's escort
during his visit, received the magnificent sum of
\$1,000 a day for expenses, and had to pay 88 per
cent of their own jeans, for their horses.

There's something wrong in the State of Denmark
or with a Government so penny-small as to make so
poor provision for its Tommies.

All credit to the boys' public-spiritedness to do
duty on such occasions, and with such poor an en-
couragement.

No doubt that many of them are docked
their pay at their offices for their absence into the
bargain.

"It is it (isn't it), a glorious thing
To be an army man?"

Here's to the City Band!
During the week I have heard nothing but their

praises being sung. Whether outside the Windsor
Hotel, where I heard them playing on Tuesday
morning, at the opening ceremonies, or wherever
they have appeared they have gathered such crowds
and put them into such a good humor, as nothing else
I know of could have done. There is such a jolly
lift to their music; such an evident delight in their
work on the part of the band, that hurried men have
paused to listen, and small boys have danced up the
street to it for very joy.

No nation that didn't love music has ever amount-
ed to anything. No city is properly organized until
it has its band.

One Eastern man who stopped to listen on Tues-
day said a good band such as the one before him was
one of the best advertisements that any wide-awake
city could possibly have. It impressed him with the
fact that a place so progressive in one particular had
probably an eye out for all the advantages. It must
be a pleasantly happy place in which to live. And he
promised went over and bought a twelve thousand
dollar house, and a block of lots in a good subdivi-
sion.

This isn't fiction, it is fact.
A good-humored man will buy anything. And if
you want to put him in a good humor, get a good
band to play it into him.

All the deals in real estate in Edmonton, or else-
where, are not put through by the brokers.

That's some band, Mr. Shanks' band, and I
Alexander's hasn't anything on it.

I wonder do you who each week pick up this op-
portunity—"Mirror," realize one-half the labor, and
worry, and planning, necessary to produce it?

I wonder if you have any conception of the rough
row any editor has to go through, who has to run in
six or seven editors his life, who tries to run an in-
dependent sheet.

The little good, the amusements that spring up
at every turn. The big problem of adequate help.
The large cost of production. The interests who
pore so silently against you, but are there always,
and have to be reckoned with, as the force of the
big Public can make a journal such as I hope to
run, possible.

I want the backing of the People, not these "In-
terests."

They kill the papers of this town. They muzzle
public opinion; they murder the so-called freedom
of the press. The paper, very consciences, to their
their due, I believe chafe under the restrictions and
espionage imposed by their shareholders, but the
man who's got the money has the final say—that I
know.

The charge that the "big money" interests con-
trary to the larger making of the United States
has been made more than once. In the
Twentieth Century magazine, this month, a promi-
nent writer discusses this charge at length, and while
he does not attempt to do more than place the
evidence at hand before the public, the conclusion
he has reached, in his own mind, is obvious.

The case of "Success" magazine, the first taken
up. Success, three years ago, was all its name im-
plies. At the end of 1909 its owner was offered \$100,
000 for the property. In January, 1910, the magazine
published an article, very conspicuously, derogatory
to the late speaker of Congress, Joseph Cannon, a
man who has stood by the "big interests" during his
entire career, and who has been a highly successful
Success. Banks would not give it accommodation,
paper factories demanded cash, all its larger ad-
vertisers withdrew, and in fact a secret and malicious
campaign was carried on of such force that in
two years succeeded in pushing it to the wall. What
at the beginning of 1910 was worth \$100,000, by
1912 was worth \$1,000,000.

McClure's magazine published a serial article by
Miss Tarbell about John D. Rockefeller. The article
was published in book form, but the entire issue was
sold out, and copies were never reached the public.
Since that time, six years ago, McClure's has been
struggling against such a load that only its superb
management, and possibly owner could cope with.

Then there was Hampton's magazine, also a
"muck-raker," so called, which told the road from
prosperity to the receiver's hands. Pearson's maga-
zine offended the big interests in such a way that it
lost almost all its advertising patronage, and today
is attempting to publish a magazine without adver-
tisements, an experiment regarded financially as de-
cidedly hazardous. Munsey's magazine, till it es-
caped the cause of Roosevelt, had probably the best
advertising patronage of any American magazine.

Today it is a sad sight to see the policy of the
day the manner in which all the larger American
business corporations have dropped their Munsey
advertising is a sad example, offered by the big
interests, of other magazines to steer clear of a like
course. Munsey's owner is rich and may be able to
stand the pace, but it will cost him tens, if not hun-
dreds of thousands of dollars.

"Muck raking" so called has almost ceased in the
larger American magazines today. They have learn-
ed their lesson. Some of them, indeed, have made
such right-about-face that there is a strong suspicion
that Standard Oil or some other money is behind them.

Others, of course, are unbought and unbuy-
able, but even such magazines are not to be blamed
for keeping silent on one topic when silence means
the difference between success and failure.

All this would seem to warn little fishes like
mine to steer clear of the shoals. Would you
believe it, only to-day I had a telephone message
from a friend, who, in response to refer to last
week, telling me to look out for something coming
my way from "Someone."

Well, no "Someone" on earth has any terrors
for the editor of this "Mirror." Thank Heaven this
is free to everyone. No man and no party controls
my pencil, and this journal will cease to exist before
any little pettishness of politicians, or any man with
an interest, will have any say as to its fate.

I don't underrate the powers of evil and malice,
and hatred that may assail the path of so daring a
platform. I recognise them only too well. But as

they never in the past have controlled me or my view, so for the future I shall walk eyes front. I would sooner go down and under fighting than have their contaminating support.

Even though sometimes I doubt them, I do believe in the end in the sound honesty and judgment of the bulk of the people of Edmonton. I believe when they get to know this paper, that they will read and respect it, because they know they are getting at least disinterested views on what is passing from day to day.

I may be wrong.

Maybe you like the soft-soaping and gush, the "inspired" articles, that are fed up to you for your daily fare.

If you had worked on the inside of a daily newspaper as I have, though, you knew the wheels in wheels that make up part of the machinery of news politics, you wouldn't read the twaddle, or insult your intelligence by cramming it with such literature.

Take the case of the politician about to run for office. Around election time you begin to read what a good fellow he is. A little skit appears as to some charitable deed he has been seen to perform.

Note—someone is sure to be looking just when he decided to do it. Imported writers, what we of the profession call "hack" workers, begin to be noticed around the hotel corridors. Don't you savvy? The "machinery" is beginning to move.

But this is only the preliminary whirr.

Presently "A Man in the Moon" or "Behind a Cloud," or something begins a chatty column. Oh, he doesn't say anything definitely. He just throws out "hints." He holds up to ridicule.

You, however, soon catch his drift. Then he works in a little "heart interest stuff."

Why I sent an evening not so long ago listening to the amusing experiences of a brilliant paragrapher engaged to do work in this very town.

Needless to say he was an outside man. No one appreciated more than he did the humor of the situation.

Of one thing—a gem—he had written, he asked me if I thought it too strong for an Edmonton crowd to swallow.

"I nearly wept over the touching incident myself," he added. Isn't it—well, rather bare-faced? Are we a collection of geese to have to be told by imported hirelings what stamp of a man one of our own citizens is.

"I live in our own town. Does business among us. We have his record at first hand. We know his family life, yet this Fly-by-Night reporter who hasn't even a vote to make him care what he writes, tries to stam pede us into believing a humdrum thing, which we 'know' are lies, pure and simple. It is an insult to any man's intelligence."

Referring to the scandalous evidence unearthed in New York regarding police lieutenant's connection with the actual murder of a gambler, about to give the so-called police protection game away, the Youth's Companion has this to say:

"It may be possible to convict and punish those who have been guilty of the particular crimes now revealed, but all who are conversant with the present conditions agree that it is impossible to stop such practices, because those who should be most active in suppressing them are not willing to make any serious effort to do so."

That is not the same thing as saying that the majority of the people of New York favor these practices, but it is only another way of saying that they are sufficiently afraid to be the shame of them. They could have a pure government if they set their minds to it, but, like the people of a good many other cities, they allow themselves to be led by politicians who obtain their power and their opportunity to plunder by tolerating vice.

It is an odd saying that the government of any community, great or small, is as good as it deserves, because it is as good as it desires. For the short-comings of officials the majority of the citizenship are in the last analysis responsible.

I believe that as truly as some day the People will register no uncertain expression of opinion regarding machine politics, that so surely will they demand from their local papers the truth, not manufactured and inspired falsehoods.

You can help this paper to make a break towards that end, by sending in your subscriptions without personal canvassing. I am up against the problem familiar to all the honest men and housekeepers of this city, inadequate help on the business end. The subscription is \$2.00 a year in advance, and an envelope addressed to The Mirror Publishing Co., Room 12, Hutchings Block, will find us, and bring you a receipt by return mail.

It will aid us enormously, and save you the time of talking to a canvasser.

To those who have been so quick to voice their appreciation of The Mirror, by kindly letters and the sending in of their subscriptions, I want to say that we are most deeply and sincerely grateful.

They have come from both sides of The House. That's what has pleased us most.

Here is what some people think of us:

Dear Peggy.—Just to wish you every success in your new venture. My wife and I will follow its growth with a great deal of interest. Personally I believe there is a large field for such a journal as you evidently intend making of The Mirror.

Sincerely,

My Dear Peggy.—Many thanks for the copy of The Mirror, and enclosed my subscription. I've already had the worth of it in last week's issue.

May you always turn the battery of your very clever pen and wit on those who deserve it.

Sincerely,

Dear Peggy.—It was a delightful surprise to me to get the same copy of The Mirror to-day.

For the last few weeks I have sadly missed my Saturday News, and most of all The Mirror, with its le ge-heated, sympathetic reflections, and the very human view it took of men and things.

Long life and prosperity to the new Mirror, and may it still see the woman behind the pen, and not merely the printer's type.

Sincerely,

Dear Peggy.—The first issue of The Mirror arrived this week, and I must compliment you, first on the name you have selected. The Mirror was the most popular department of the publication with

which you were formerly identified, and it is to a certain extent a trade mark for good-will, or whatever you may call it, and it was good business on your part to adopt this name.

Sincerely,

In conclusion, allow me to say I am pleased with your platform. I admire your pluck, and wish The Mirror may meet with unqualified success. I want it, and endorse my cheer for substantiality. Would also like you to send me, if you have them, twenty copies of the first issue, and the account for same, as I wish to send them out to some of my friends.

Sincerely,

Dear Peggy.—"Bully for you." For my own part (as a provider housewife), I only wish I could get as good value for every two dollar bill as is the MIRROR.

PEGGY.

THE CHASE FOR VINCENT ASTOR

Say, talk about your real excitement, wouldn't you give a lot to be right on the field of battle and watch all the swell society mamas on the firing line trying to cop young Vincent Astor and his unctuous wad of talkative currency for their young female offspring?

Can you just "elasticate" your imagination and get a mental blue print of all the rich stunts they pull off to gain their point? Now there's this Vincent—nothing but a kid, hilarious with wealth—so all he's got to do is pop the question and some little queen will sing, "Oh, this is so sudden!" But if she's wise she'll grab him quick over the auto ejection route—cause dallying along several months, sweating over a tressonau is taking too great a "chance" when your "finiance" is young, drowning in wealth and skill.

Some Clever Chicken Might Beat You To It. Why, at the eleventh hour another clever chicken might beat you to it, and then all you'd have is your tressonau and engagement ring on your hands—and that don't get cha any alimony.

You can bet it takes a wise head and a carefully planned campaign to cop off a grand prize like young Astor, and I'd just like to get a launch of inside dope on some of the candidates running for "offers."

Now, I've done the start stunt at this Vincent's map in the daily papers and I must say if he was driving a lumbar propeller I don't think I'd bust my face collar sap orters doing the back stare that you Lot's daughter her sale, Sis! When you give him the ordinary weighing in a beauty parlor he don't average with a swell fairhand—but I guess when you look at him through the periscope angles of his bank-book volumes he takes on attraction.

I guess the little girl that wished for a purse that would never get empty, when she swallowed the chicken heart whole—like they do in fairy tales—recognizes the possibility of her wish in a marriage license with the billing reading "Vincent Astor and —" and I guess we all wouldn't be glad to be a co-star with a wad like that.

Ermine Coats and Mothering Pearls. Gee! just close your eyes and get a line on yourself doing the big league stunt, with nery heart failure when it comes to purchasing the ermine coats, and mothering pearls. On the level just figure on the shocks you could administer to your friends—and then you ain't so strong for—"when you could spread the ink over your engraved announcements and shoot them out under the guidance of the good old "U.S. Males"—say, wouldn't that just cheat your beauty doctor out of ten years of visits!

Just imagine sliding in and out of real Paris gowns and hallowing yourself with gobs of jewels! Figure yourself posing in the swell cafes, the object of envy for all feminine orbs and can you just get yourself doing the disappear act into a gigantic place on Fifth avenue, and then romping over a few hundred miles of lawn at each of your dozen country homes—in this and other countries—not to mention the times you r private yacht skims the surface of the "ocean a riks." (Say, give me another piece ham, Stella!)

Would you tall for that big league stuff if you had the opportunity—say it's no bud! Well, that's the velvet life Mrs. Vincent Astor is going to glide down. So do you wonder that every young "belle" on the field is waiting to have him "ring" her. And do you wonder that every "matron" is seeing that daughter's wardrobe trunk is creaking with luxurious scenery, as they proceed on the trail for his scalp.

It's a slim chance they are getting too, because competition is heavy. But they are gambling, and should be good losers—but I bet the day the news wires flash his marriage broadcast, it will land like dynamite, and a million homes will be blasted.

So cheer up, Stella—as long as George keeps on sending postals—you should not worry about Vincent Astor, and remember Mrs. Vincent Astor ain't got nuthin' on you—cause he ain't "Ast-er" yet.

—Ray King, in New York America.

THE MARK.

Changed in the wash my "Gent's best franks" To footing square, unworthy of a male, Bordered with stripes and spots, four-three at Blank's.

But what of that? Not that do I bewail, Or spurn the filmy scrap that bears inset "S" and a coronet.

"Her" do I chide whose super-fatted dread Of losing count of any spot or stripe A laundry mark of vile verminous thread Lockstitches every week in every wipe.

This I cannot stick. Each Saturday Adds to my curls some grey.

For when anew there comes the laundry cart And brings the loathed "A.Z.23," I then see red, and all my tortured heart Leaps in revolt, and cries, "This shall not be!"

And with a knife I rend the stubborn blot From off the blooming lot.

Thus for the time my injuries assuage, And thus more holes than cambric I possess. But let me plead within a truthful page, That other tongues than mine may claim redress— For I shall own no mouchoir worth remark before the tyrant hark.

McLaughlin's "Canada Dry"



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I HEARD RATHER A GOOD ONE :: ::

"The family in the flat next to ours have a photograph. 'Have they any good records?' 'Yes; they have one record for six hours' continuous playing, and another of six hours and twenty minutes, almost continuous.'"

"By the way I call this rubbish it in." "How now?" "I sent this magazine two poems and they sent me back three."

"Hub—You dislike Mrs. X., but she has her good points. For one thing she— Wife—Stop! She may have her good points, as you say, but I won't have you sticking them into me."

—Where are you going, my pretty maid?

—I'm going e-milking, sir! she said.

—May I go with you, my pretty maid?

—Nix; you're an inspector, sir! she said.

—Sir, I have all the gems of English literature in my library.

—Yes, and I notice they are uncut gems.

Husband (impatiently)—How long before liturgist will serve dinner?

Wife—One crash of china, two smells of burnt food and three rings at the back door bell.

Perpetual Motion.—The principle of perpetual motion was revealed to me ten years ago. I am willing to communicate it to anyone for \$1,000,000. If not true, I claim nothing. What do you advise? (Cyrus, Lampeter.) "London Budget."

Make it M. Cyrus, and we'll risk it.—Punch.

Father was walking to Sunday school with little Johnny, and endeavoring to improve the time by teaching Johnny his Golden Text, the words of which were: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Johnny repeated it after his father several times, and seemed to have mastered the correct wording.

As they drew near the Sunday school the father gave Johnny his last rehearsal. "Now, son," he said, "let's have the Golden Text once more without any help from me."

This is what he got from Johnny: "Whatsoever a man sows always ripe."

The long train of Pullman sleepers was rushing toward New York with its loads of human freight. It was still early and only a few of the passengers were astir. A china salesman in one of the lower was awakened by a commotion at the curtains of the berth above him. A moment later a late foot was thrust through the opening and placed upon the foot of his bed. A woman's voice spoke in angry accents.

"Look here, John! I bought those stockings yesterday at Hunter's for 25 cents a pair and they guaranteed them not to crack. I'm going to send them back. Just see my foot!"

In some bewilderment the drummer beheld for an instant a dainty foot upon which the discolored was unmistakable.

"Madam, he said, the cracks belong on the shelf across the aisle.—Judge."

She—I'm going to give you back our engagement ring. I have another.

He—Give me his name and address.

She—Horror! Do you mean to go and kill him?

He—No, I want to tell him the ring.

The young wife had given her husband a dance.—You've improved wonderfully, Jack, she said, as they sat down. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dress?

—Yes, he replied, I wasn't buying them then.

"Thief! Robber! Stop him!" shouted the grandstand man who had turned his head just in time to see a pickpocket making away with his purse.

But the big policeman thought he was reviling the umpire and dragged him, despite his spitting protests outside the grounds.

—Lady, said Meandering Mike, will that dog bite strangers?

—I don't know, was the reply. We've been waiting to find out for sure for a long time. If you'll stand in the yard while we unchain him I'll give you a sandwich if you care to wait for it.

Here are the names of six couples who applied in one day for marriage licenses over in New York: Valenty Krutys and Karthama Treia; William Waickandachas and Veronica Vlenckarotte; Andrew Joiczakas and Catherine Ludowice; Waimik Vyzymokkria and Madalene Phytrozash; and Panko Zyzarkowski and Cecelis Uskackasky. We print this especially to please the publisher.—London Globe.

Globose come on my Reggie Wilcox, the dramatist and joined us at our cigars: he telling a pretty story of Mistress Paintwell, the play actress, who was lately at a party where was Herr Katguti, the cellist. She chattering to a group of men, turns to Katguti saying pretty: "Herr Katguti, your playing do give me the gooseflesh." "Ach! dear lady," says he, "it is not men playing. You was born mit it."—The New Peeps in Truth.

"There," said a chronically inebriated friend of ours, "is a sign that ought to be on every Government mail box."

"What sign?" we asked, in order to complete the joke.

"Post no bills," said the heastly boulder.

"Are you as happy, dear?"

She—In within a hat and two gowns and a parasol of being so."

"Have you purchased your new car yet, Mrs. Noorich?" asked the visitor.

"No, Mr. Smithers, I ain't. I can't make up my mind whether to get a gasoline car or a limousine car. Maybe you can tell me—does limousine such as car as gasoline?" inquired the lady.

An unusually good beer recently by Jean, publisher. It begins the title, "A Vagabond's Journey Around the World," and covers the daily life of an athlete and brassy chap who circled the globe, penniless and on foot: He lived with the poorest of the poor. He was hungry often, and night after night his bed was the ground and covered the sky.

One fact stands out in that book as big as life. It is that KINDNESS abides in every clime. Whether one travels to the land of the Eskimo or slides for a time in the shadow of the pyramids, whether he mixes with the people of yellow skins, or black or white, there is always human affection to be found, unselfish love of man for his kind.

It wasn't a Burma jungle that an Englishman held out a handful of silver to the vagabond and said: Take it—old chap. I know you don't want charity, but folks were good to me when I was on my uppers."

The native woman in her squalid hut made of leaves set out the best food she possessed, without expectation or wish for reward. A stranger was hungry. That was all she wanted to know.

On board a steamer where he lived with coolies, he found a bunkie the first night, who was ready to share his every possession with the stranger.

On the beach at Suva, among the red-race nations, the cast-off of many ships, he found a sailor-skipper, who, who traveled half-way Europe, with him, who endured, who braved burning sun, wild animals, jungles, the perils of rivers and trackless wastes, the day without food and the hours without water.

He had all because of HUMAN AFFECTION.

It is the pivot of life. It is the thing that makes the big Scheme worth while. The more of it you give away the more of it you get. On it is builded, Appreciation, Tolerance, Sympathy, Forgiveness.

It is a current in all nations and among all tribes, fine gold in all ages and all times.

It was old Seneca who wrote: "Neither can any man live happily who only recollects himself; who converteth all things to his own profit. Thou must live unto another and then wilt live to thyself."—Herald.

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We attribute this success to the fact that all our friends know that we use dependable cloth, good tailors and good trimmings which in this case on this offer gives you a Vicuna Skirt above the average. It is five pored, panel back, high waist or the regular waist band. Comes in colors Navy, Brown, Grey and Black.

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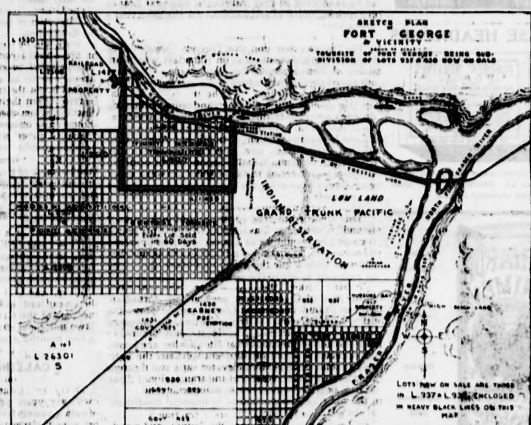
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THE RETURN

"Well, Uncle Silas," said the visitor, "I see that your boy Bill has come back from college."

"Yen," said the old man. "He come in on the two-thirty trolley last Thursday."

"Good," said the visitor. "And I hope you feel that the necessary sacrifices you have made to give him an education were worth while?"

"Ye can bet onto it, Colonel," said Uncle Silas. "It's been wuth every cent me an' Maria has had to go without. Good, but he's learnt a lot! We been 'avin' a lot o' trouble with old Mike, the bull, lately, an' neither me nor none of the hired help, das't go near him, but Bill, he's been 'avin' 'em on the football team down to his old Almy Matey's, an' when we told him nobody das't tackle old Mike he went up to his room in the ackitt an' put on his football duds and started in, Gee whizz, but it was a sight! Old Mike come for him, head down an' tail up, an' Bill jest stood that until he was two foot off, an' then makes a low dive in between old Mike's fore-legs, takes his hind-legs and throws him down as easy ez thong he war'n't no more'n a bundle o' hay. I tell ye that old critter got the surprize o' his life, and his temper ain't come to yit."

"That's fine," said the visitor. "Ner it ain't all, neither," said Uncle Silas, proudly. "Bill was onto the crew, too, and he got a pull onto him like ten elephants. Him and Jim Peacey, the hired man, got out the buck-saw to do some hard sawin'. I been waitin' done all spring, and by gorry, at the foot pull over his way, 'Bill jerked Jim and the saw, and about everythin' else that was movable across the top o' that log ez easy ez though he was pulling wild carrots. When it come to doin' any sawin' it took six men to hold him, and even then he tired 'em all out afore they got half-way threw."

"Well, old man," said the visitor, "I'm awfully glad for your sake that it has turned out so well. I suppose he'll go back in the fall?"

"We al, no," said the old man, scratching his chin whisker reflectively. "They seems to hev been some trouble about Latin and Greek and mathematics, and a few other things of that sort, between Bill and some o' the professors. I ain't quite got the right of it threw my head yit, but they all seem to think Bill's too vallyble a man to waste on things that ain't of much importance, so I guess he'll stay round here next winter and devote his attention to keepin' skule. We got a lot o' boys in this here town that needs a teacher of his special kind o' trainin'."

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SPORTING
WORLD

I do not like parodies as a rule, but this one from London Truth as a suggested epitaph for Tom Richardson, perhaps the greatest fast bowler that English cricket has ever known, whose recent death has caused general regret, strikes me as particularly good.

Here a sheer crack lies Tom, whose bowling
No swifter rival knew;
No more he'll set the leather rolling;
For Death has claimed his due.
His Yorker was a champion beauty;
At "spin" he was a toff;
By Surrey long he did his duty;
But now he's been taken off.

Tom never tired when once he'd started;
His staying powers were rare;
Undaunted, plucky, and stout-hearted,
His style was clean and fair.
No trundler had a smile more jolly,
Or amateur or pro;
But mirth is changed to melancholy,
For Tom is taken off.

Yet may poor Tom still sling the leather
On that Elysian strand;
Where cricketers' kings, all met together,
Get in, once more, their hand.
Thus Death our friend in vain despatches;
At Chamon he may scoff;
For Tom, in those heroic matches,
Will not be taken off.

It is often said that there is nothing so fleeting as the reputation of a great sportsman. The man that the crowds of to-day cheer themselves hoarse for, those twenty years from now will not know the name of. So we are told. But this is not true altogether.

As each new generation comes forward it must have its own heroes, but if the players of yesterday could stand by and listen to the talk of certain groups of middle aged men gathered here and there when the papers are full of reports of this great match and that, they would realize that though their names do not figure in print as they once did, they are not forgotten and that the comparisons made by those who admired their work when they were in their prime are never to their disadvantage.

Captain Harry Graham spent some years in Canada as aide to Lord Minto and he, of course, had this country in mind when he wrote the other day in the Graphic, discussing sport as it is carried on in different parts of the world:

"Every nation has its own idea of Sport. In one British Colony I have seen a crowd of sportsmen cheer a professional player who had been turned off the ice for striking an opponent on the head with his hockey stick. Upon the same continent, as we know to our cost, the athlete is not always handicapped by that old-fashioned prejudice against knock-

ing a rival runner off the cinder track; and by the man who is 'out to win' the word Sport is merely held to mean "equal opportunities for all." A flood of light is thrown upon German sport by the account of a lawn tennis tournament sent by its correspondent to a London paper a few days ago. "During the Danzig tennis week," he cable, "the Crown Prince and his partner lost their first two sets by 6-5, 6-4. The spectators shouted for the handicap to be rearranged, and this being done the Crown Prince won by 7-5 and 6-4." Divergences of opinion on the subject of sport must always exist between various races, and so long as this is the case all Olympic contests are calculated to provoke more international bitterness and ill-feeling in the course of a single week than can possibly be allayed in a decade by the pacificatory endeavours of the "corps diplomatique" of the whole world! Truly, the road to War is paved with broken cinders!"

Captain Graham is worth quoting further on this subject. He writes:

"Some years ago the fact that an Italian pastry-cook had succeeded in covering twenty miles of dusty road more rapidly than any British sprinter was universally adduced as an unquestionable proof of our national decadence. Today, once more, because the Olympic Sports at Stockholm have resulted in but few British victories, our newspapers are filled with prophecies of England's degeneration. A Red Indian can run a hundred yards faster than any Englishman; a negro from (fondulu) can leap higher, or a Finn can throw a javelin further; and we are assured that the Empire is tottering on the brink of ruin. This is sorry nonsense. Last week I read an article in a daily paper—written, perhaps, by a man who never ran a yard, except to catch a bus, never jumped higher than the step of a tramcar, and couldn't hurl a javelin at all without endangering his own life and jeopardising the existence of an entire suburb—in which the cause of English sportsman's defeat was attributed to his reluctance to socialise. His entire thoughts are not devoted to one branch of athletics he practises in his spare time and has other interests. That is, indeed, something to be thankful for; and when our athletes cease to throw the crown horse around, to lose the game beyond the prize, and gaze the value of sport by the number of cups upon their shelves, we may begin to despair of the future."

This is a common sense standpoint. Neither Britain nor Canada has any reason to be disappointed at the showing made in Sweden. So far as Canada is concerned, it is very unlikely that another attempt will be made on a similar scale to accomplish anything at this time. The aftermath has been a most unseemly quarrel between those who participated. Hard words are being used. Different members against the others.

While one cannot attempt at this distance to clear up the points in dispute, this is the point to be said: that the men who were in charge of the team have labored for a long while in the cause of Canadian amateur sport; and that the majority of the athletes that these games have brought out in the past have taken up the sports for what they could get out of them. It is not hard to imagine how difficult the members of the team would be to handle nor

what it is that has brought President Merrick to the decision to have nothing to do with this branch of athletics again. Its day is over in Canada for a time at least.

The role of the pessimist does not come naturally to me. But I must say that so far as purely Canadian sports go, they are in a very bad way. It is about time that something on a large scale was attempted to put them on a better basis. Take lacrosse and hockey, our real Canadian games. Ruffianism and professionalism, in its worst form, is rampant in them.

The comparison with the American game of baseball and the English game of cricket is all to the advantage of these. And the public is turning to these importations more and more as a result.

What could be more of a mockery of sport than the lacrosse games at the Coast this summer? The season ended on Sunday with a general melee, a dozen players at one time taking it out of one another with their sticks. In Montreal the week before a spectator threw a pop bottle at one of the National players.

The public has supported the teams in the Western Canada Baseball League fairly well this season considering that there has been at no stage any real interest in the result. An effort is being made to form an International League, Calgary and Edmonton going in with four Montana teams. As the towns across the border are all smaller than the two in Alberta, Bitter being the only one that is nearly equal in size, it is doubtful if there will be any large movement. The hope seems to be to get into the Northwestern with Spokane, Seattle and Vancouver as their nearest neighbors.

As for the Western league, Calgary, by winning four straight from Edmonton at the end of last week, effectively cinched the championship for the second part of the season.

The big leagues both remain interesting, though it does not look as if New York and Boston can lose out now. On Aug. 24th, the sporting editor of the New York Herald made this calculation:

"The Cubs have forty-one games left on the schedule. This includes one series with each club in the league and a second series with Boston, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis. The Giants have forty-three games left to play, including one series with each club in the league and a second series with Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Boston and Philadelphia. The Cubs have four postponed games to play while the Giants have seven."

"If New York should lose a total of fifty games which is seventeen more than they have now lost, Chicago would have to win thirty and could lose only eleven of its remaining games to get the pennant. The final standing then would be: New York, 101 games won and 50 lost; Chicago, 105 won and 45 lost."

As the two teams since this was written have about broken even, the Herald's forecast still stands.

The courts of the Edmonton tennis club are a centre of interest this week. The entry for the annual tournament is large and many good games are being witnessed.

Christy Mathewson writes that "Tessieau is the main reliance of the Giants for the championship. But there are a good many who expect that Mathewson himself will show that he is still able to play as well as write about baseball."

Yorkshire has won the English cricket championship. It is no new thing for the Tykes to carry it off, but this is the first time in about half a dozen years. In all their matches this year they have been practically a complete professional team that has faced up to opponents. The only amateur was the captain, Sir A. W. White. One great factor has been the splendid batting of David Denton, who on August 20th, had scored 1800 runs and had an average of 51.08. C. B. Fry was at that date at the head of the averages, with 60.02, though his aggregate was lost 1155 runs.

A despatch says that the Australians have decided not to play any matches in Canada on their return journey on account of climatic conditions. If they could suffer any more from the climate in Canada in October than they have from that of England during the past rainy summer, when a very large proportion of their matches had to be abandoned, it would be a strange thing. They intend to play in New York and Philadelphia while Victoria has hopes of getting a game. It looks like a big mistake not to try to arrange games in Toronto, Winnipeg and Calgary.

Harold Hilton, who is now in America to defend the American championship which he won last year, is referred to everywhere as the English amateur champion. This is not correct. He won last year but John Ball was the winner this season.

J. H. Taylor, four times open golf champion in England, has written a very valuable book on golf. It is a goodly volume, and well worth a look at. Here is an extract from this part of the volume:

"Many things go to make a good putter, and the most important is to have a supreme confidence in oneself. No amount of practice will make up for a natural deficiency of self-confidence. . . . The first thing to do is to convince yourself that you are a real and genuine putter, and not half so bad as some of your friends make out. This may take some doing, especially as some friends are very outspoken. . . . First, convince yourself that you can putt, and the rest is child's play. Never anticipate missing the hardest putt. Go up to the ball with the firm idea that to miss it is impossible. You will, of course, miss more often than you hole them, but at each miss assume a feeling and look of surprise. Make yourself believe it was a slip, and hypnotize yourself until you feel convinced that you would not miss it again once in a dozen times."

The Ottawa Free Press says: "The Canadian house team may visit Canada in 1913. Better not linger much longer, for, from present indications, there may not be any Canadian teams left in a few years."

In the International Tournament is still going strong and the fans there are already preparing to celebrate the winning of the pennant.

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THE LEISURE HOUR

I walked around to the Empire Theatre on Sunday night and spent one of the most enjoyable hours of music that I have ever had in Edmonton. The Orchestra Society has been providing these programmes after church for the last three months, and the fact that the theatre was crowded to the doors, every available seat being occupied, shows how much their enterprise is being appreciated. They are really doing a work that cannot be praised too much. They should form the basis of a permanent orchestra which in the course of time will do for Edmonton what that so long led by Theodore Thomas in Chicago has done for that city.

This, of course, has to be the day of small things. When you dwell with Victor Herbert's that is not known as well as it should be, proved a deservedly popular feature. I do not know a more really beautiful song to be found among recent operas than that of which the refrain runs something like this:

The airs from "Babes in Toyland," that exquisite light opera of Victor Herbert's that is not known as well as it should be, proved a deservedly popular feature. I do not know a more really beautiful song to be found among recent operas than that of which the refrain runs something like this:

Toyland, Toyland, mystic, merry Toyland,
When you dwell with mystic, merry Toyland,
Childhood's joy-land, little girl-and-boy-land,
Once you pass its borders you can ne'er return again.

The flute solo of Mr. W. G. S. Strachan "L'Oiseau du Bois" was very artistically given and well merited the enthusiastic notice to which he responded with that delightful minut that Kathleen Parlow made us remember so well.

Some three or four years ago Miss Cecilia Hope's name was always a welcome name on Edmonton programmes and many were delighted with the opportunity of hearing her once again on this occasion. Her singing of "Araby" and "Love Sings the Lark" gave much genuine pleasure. Her encore—

"It is not raining rain to me
It's raining violets."

did not awaken any very responsive note so far as its sentiment went, as the drizzle outside spoke of possible ruin to the crops and the decorations for the royal visit, more than violets and roses red. But it was charmingly sung nevertheless.

Since writing the above I learn that though there were eleven hundred people in the Empire on Sunday night, the total receipts were but ten cents a person. This is very disappointing. If the concert was worth going to at all, it merited a decent contribution to the plate at the door.

While the majority of the audience was composed of real music-lovers, there were undoubtedly many who dropped in simply because they had no other place to go, and who took away from the pleasure of the evening for others by the incessant talk that they kept up. It's a great pity that the Lord's Day Act could not be suspended to allow a charge of say twenty-five cents, this being the impossible the only thing to do is to trust to people's sense of fairness.

Speaking of permanent orchestras, the business men of Spokane are taking steps to found one there, which will be forty strong.

Madame Nordica, whom we heard in Edmonton last autumn, has recovered from her recent severe illness. On sailing for America, she was told by an interviewer that she was looking much younger and thinner.

"I may not have found the fountain of eternal youth," she replied, "but I have discovered something pretty close to it—how to get old. It is not only the enemy of youth, but of beauty as well. I have lost 20 pounds by a treatment I have devised and which is so lovely and comfortable that it seems absurd. I do not diet, nor do I exercise, nor deprive myself of anything. It is the easiest thing imaginable. Now do not ask me to explain what it is. I will tell that some time later. I am anticipating with much pleasure singing with Schumann-Heink again as we did of old."

I see that the Winnipeg Stock Company which is playing at the Lyceum proposes to resurrect some of Charles H. Hoyt's comedies, among them "A Texas Steer," "The Milk White Plag," "A Bunch of Kays" and "A Contented Woman." I have often wondered why these were allowed to be forgotten all these years. They were immensely popular in the period from about 1890 to 1900, and they would be just as suitable for production to-day as they were then. I would like to suggest another to be added to the four mentioned. "The Brass Monkey," which Charles H. Hoyt produced just shortly before his untimely death, was in many respects the best of them all.

What the work of the Russian dancers involves has been described by the friend of one of them. "I saw her lately," said this friend, "in the 'Nights of Egypt' and 'The Swans' Ballet, and never admired her technique more. It sometimes approached that of a most accomplished gymnast. There could have been no scamping as she turned round thirty-two times one toe and twenty-six times on another in an encore. To keep in form she needs to take constant care of her health. On her dancing nights she stays in bed till six o'clock in the evening, and dines at midnight, according to severe regimen."

He tells how he once danced with La Karsavina. "Not on the stage!" the interviewer exclaimed. "No, at a party. It was a curious experience. A lady in dancing should obey her partner, at least I like to have that feeling; it is pleasanter. But with La Karsavina—I don't know how it happened—I felt myself whisked round the room as if I had no will of

my own and were just nothing. Though I was very much her junior, my man's vanity felt a little hurt, all seemed to be the effect of an invincible sensation."

What a lover of the theatre who happens to possess millions of dollars can do to indulge his taste is illustrated by the following from a New York paper of recent date:

Instead of the prosaic stage of the Casino "The Merry Countess" will be sung Friday night in the luxurious private theatre that Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have had built, adjoining Beaulieu, their beautiful villa at New Port. Arrangements were made last January to have the first production of New York production sent to society's summer capital after Mr. Vanderbilt had come from Newport and witnessed the first New York performance.

It will be the second time Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have been the means of closing a Broadway theatre in order that their friends might see a New York production in luxurious surroundings at their disposal. Almost ten years ago to a day, on August 25, 1902, they had "The Wild Rose" transplanted from the Knickerbocker Theatre for a single performance at their New York home. Mr. Eddie Foy was in the company, and so were Miss Marie Cahill and Miss Irene Bentley.

After Mr. Vanderbilt had seen the first act of "The Merry Countess" from an orchestra chair of the Casino last night he saw Mr. Lee Schubert in the box office and for \$50,000 arranged to take the opera to New York. The following sketch, secreted as accessories will be taken, the members of the company will be provided for in Newport, and Saturday morning Mr. Vanderbilt will pay for a special train to bring them to New York in order that the matinee and evening performances will be given as usual.

It will be the first time the run of a New York production has been interrupted so early for such a purpose. As told elsewhere, the local premiere was given only last night. The Vanderbilt party will be the climax of the season's gaieties at Newport and will quickly follow the wonderful ball and orchestra theatricals given by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish at Crossways last Monday.

Anyone who ever saw Nat Goodwin on the stage will be glad to learn that the recent accident which he sustained has not been as serious as was at first thought. The following sketch from the London Courier-Journal is a very discerning estimate of him:

"Nat" C. Goodwin has perhaps not been as great an actor as he might have been if he had been more strenuously bent upon success and less inclined to juggle away happy hours here and there with old acquaintances or with new ones well met. Had he begun in the years of his youth to drive toward the goal as hard as Richard Mansfield did, he too, might have had in his record as a star some brilliant feat to fame, like the famous impressionism of Baron Cheriak. But his success came so easily to Goodwin that it was only after he had spent half a lifetime in the occupation of a portrait painter that he began to dream dreams. Naturally the public would not entertain the idea of a radical change in an actor who had never taken himself seriously. He asked anyone to take him seriously in all of his years of informal acquaintance with "capacity" audiences. And naturally there were behind him no hours of arduous and taxing toil spent in striving to equip himself as a portrait painter of characters created by the great dramatists. But in native talent the protagonist of "A Gilded Fool" ranked well at his beginning, and with comparatively light labor—although all acting is somewhat harder work than digging ditches—his saving word in both hours, and necessary application—he won popularity, as great of the stage as on.

Wilton Lackaye, the actor, once made a dramatization of "Les Miserables." He had spent much time on his work. The dramatization of the Hugo masterpiece had been one of the dreams of his early youth. Truly, the completed drama was to be the actor as a child he dearly loved. But when Mr. Lackaye tried to interest theatrical capital in the production he found a dearth of enthusiasm. Every one knew that Lackaye had dramatized "Les Miserables" and it was one of the live topics of Broadway. Oscar Hammerstein met Lackaye in this particular period and the first question was: "Wilton, have you got a manager to produce 'Les Miserables'?"

"A manager to produce it. I haven't found a manager that can pronounce it."

"What's the matter now?" asked the leading actor, as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet.

"Matter? That performance of yours is so beastly bad that this saving word demands that his name be struck off the free list."—Tit Bits.

LEIGH HUNT'S DAUGHTER

General surprise will probably be felt at the announcement that Leigh Hunt's youngest daughter is still alive—at the age of eighty-four. Leigh Hunt himself was born in 1784, and it was exactly three hundred years ago that he was found and imprisoned for describing the Regent as a "corrupt Adonis of Italy," so that his daughter represents a remarkable link with the past. The daughter, who is now ill and in reduced circumstances, married the late Mr. Charles Smith Chestnam, who died in April of this year, after a remarkably diverse career, in which he was successively a wood engraver, art critic, manager of a newspaper, editor of a magazine, besides being for many years leader-writer to an important daily.

DEATH MADE BEAUTIFUL

George W. Perkins, the corporation expert, began life as an insurance agent. So good was he at the game that one of his friends described him in these words:

"George could convince you that the grave was the biggest financial institution, the biggest dividend payer and the biggest gold mine in the world. He could build up in your mind the idea that each day you spent on earth was time thrown away. He could convince you that the only real fate for you to perform was to die, be buried, and leave your wife and children to roll respondent in wealth he and his company kept waiting for them."—Popular Magazine.

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